PHYSICAL CARE OF THE NORMAL BABY

Fundamental Principles—Typical Regimen for First Year.

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The thirteenth article in The Tribune's series of lessons in Mothercraft.

THE baby is a unity of body, mind and soul. These cannot be separated in his actual life. During every minute of his care, in every detail, his whole nature is being influenced and his character shaped. It is only for convenience of discussion that the physical regimen is separated from the rest of his care.

The regimen here outlined is for normal, well babies, for their first year or two. Delicate, feeble or sickly infants must receive special care under the physician's directions in their feeding, bathing, clothing and outdoor living.

In the efficient care of a little baby there are only a few fundamental principles, but these are to be practised with conscientious thoroughness by every one who has anything to do with the baby. It is the little details in the routine of his daily life that produce vigor or weakness. Errors in his care now may cost his life; or they may not apparently harm him now, but will be paid for in suffering, deformities or weakness in childhood or adulthood. The woman who has this responsibility needs special preparation in self-sacrifice, self-control, gentleness, regularity, thoroughness and accuracy in little details.

The fundamental principles are:

1. Regularity, which applies particularly to times of feeding, sleep, stools.

2. Cleanliness of baby, food, clothing, utensils, toys, nursery.

3. Fresh air and sunshine, which are Nature's great disinfectants and vitalizers.

4. Gradual moderate changes in temperatures, clothing, food, regime.

5. Quiet, because the brain and nervous system are yet incomplete in their development, and are very sensitive; the maximum of sleep with little stimulation while awake. The brain grows as much during the first year as during all the rest of life.

6. Gentleness in handling, to prevent any curvature or misshaping of the soft bones, or displacement of vital organs, or shocks to the nerves.

7. Moderate warmth, which avoids either chilling or coddling.

8. Freedom of movement, for only thus can body and mind normally develop.

9. Training in self-control, which can begin the first day and needs daily attention.

10. Mothering, cuddling, fondling, regularly every day, before feeding, at bath or dressing times, an hour previous to bedtime.

HOLDING AND LIFTING.

The whole length of the spine and the weight of the head must be well supported until the baby is strong enough, at six or seven months of age, to support these himself. In lifting a young baby, the left hand and arm are slipped under the head, neck and upper back, the right hand under the lower back. He may be carried in one arm by supporting the head in the crook of the elbow and supporting the entire length of the back with the forearm, wrist and hand. If held in an upright position at this early age the wabbly head should always be supported. Never lift a baby or little child by his arms.

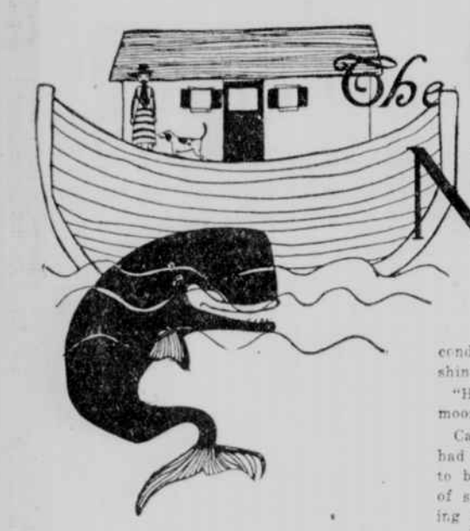
DAILY REGIMEN.

A daily record is of assistance in maintaining regularity, noting new developments or unusual conditions. Some mothers will doubtless prefer to keep it on the day for the weekly weighing; others will take the few minutes for its noting every day, at least during the first six months. The following illustrates such a record, and gives also a typical daily regimen during part of the first year:

June. Baby Three Months Old.

A. M.
5:55—Wakens; changed.
6:00-6:15—Feeding.
6:30—Urinates.
7:00—Two teaspoonfuls water.
7:00-8:00—Slept.
8:00—Two teaspoonfuls water.
8:20—Weighing. Weight, 14 pounds 6 ounces.
8:20—Exercise and rub.
8:30—Stool (used cuspidor), normal; urinates.
8:40—Bath, temperature 98 degrees F. Cool sponge, temperature 90 degrees F. Crying 10 minutes.
9:00-9:15—Feeding.
9:25—Put outdoors; asleep.
11:55—Wakened; changed.
12:00-12:15—Feeding.
P. M.
12:30—Urinates.
12:35—Put outdoors. Crying 10 minutes.
1:00-2:00—Slept.
2:00—Changed. Two teaspoonfuls prune juice. Crying 5 minutes.
2:00-3:00—Kicking on nursery table, in open air.
3:00-3:10—Feeding.
3:30—Urinates.
3:30-4:30—Put outdoors; slept.

4:30—Wakens; changed. Crying 10 minutes.
4:30-5:00—Kicking on nursery table.
5:00—Two teaspoonfuls water.
5:00—Stool (using cuspidor), normal.
5:10-5:30—Cuddled.
5:30—Rub and sponge bath; temperature 92 degrees F.
6:00-6:15—Feeding.
6:30—Changed.
6:35—Asleep.
10:00—Changed; feeding. Water 8 t. Cried 25 minutes. Slept 16½ hours.



The CRUISE of the NOAH'S ARK

by David Cory

CHAPTER XII.

BY noon the next day Captain Noah reported that the paint was dry and that the Ark was now ready to launch. "We must get all the animals together," he cried, looking about. There were very few in sight. In fact, one never would have guessed that an arkful of animals had been dumped on the island.

"We'll have to get up a hunting party and look over the island," said Captain Noah. "I can't imagine why they all should have wandered off."

"Well, I'll have the dishes and things packed up, and the tent down by the time you round up your passengers," laughed Mrs. Noah, cheerfully. She seemed never to worry about anything, and Marjorie thought she was the nicest person she had ever met.

"Come, boys," commanded Captain Noah; "we must set out now and locate the passengers. I hope the island isn't large, for I don't fancy walking many miles in this hot climate."

Mr. Jonah and the Captain went ahead, and the three boys followed. After travelling for some time they came to the top of a small hill, from which they viewed the surrounding country and saw the animals scattered here and there, evidently enjoying themselves to the fullest extent.

Ham took his bugle from his belt and gave a long blast. Instantly the animals, from the smallest to the largest, paused in their playing. "Blow another blast!" commanded Captain Noah. "Wave your flag!" he cried, turning to Mr. Jonah. The latter unfurled a big, red banner and waved it frantically in the air. Presently all the animals fell into line, the elephants leading. Captain Noah and his crew waited until they drew near. Then they turned and set out for the camp. Mrs. Noah had everything ready when they arrived, and it took but a few minutes to carry the tent and the camping outfit down to the Ark.

As soon as the gang-plank was lowered the animals filed on board. Great was their delight at finding their quarters newly fitted up and painted. When all were aboard and the Weathercock was once more installed on his perch Captain Noah set the Ark in motion. It was but a short run on the sand to the water, and the automobile wheels did their work nobly. As soon as it reached the edge of the beach the Ark glided upon the water and out to sea.

"All's well that ends well," said Captain Noah, turning to Mr. Jonah; "you see, we are once more afloat with all on board, safe and sound. Even you, who are generally considered a most undesirable passenger, have had no bad effects on the trip so far."

Mr. Jonah looked quite unhappy. "Why should I be considered an undesirable passenger?" he asked. "I think I am a mascot on board this ship. We have had pretty good luck ever since I boarded her. Who can say anything to the contrary?"

"Well, never mind!" replied Captain Noah, attending to the wheel; "never mind, Jonah. My one great idea is to land these animals safely after the rain is over. As far as I can see, the storm has passed. If I am any judge of weather conditions, I should say the sun would now shine for forty days and forty nights."

"Hold on!" exclaimed Mr. Jonah; "give the moon a chance at night!"

Captain Noah looked somewhat abashed. He had made a slight mistake, but he did not like to be corrected by Mr. Jonah. "A mere figure of speech," he answered; "if the moon is shining how can it be raining? You are too critical, my dear Mr. Jonah. In fact, you are a nuisance." What would have happened after this remark I am unable to state had not Marjorie arrived on the scene. Seeing that there was some trouble brewing, she ran forward and said to Captain Noah, "Won't you let Mr. Jonah take the wheel for a little while? Mrs. Noah wants to see you in the cabin." Rather ungraciously, Captain Noah turned the wheel over to Mr. Jonah and went below decks.

"I think it's going to rain again," said Marjorie.

"Do you?" answered Mr. Jonah. "It probably will. I left my umbrella and mackintosh on the island. I never yet went without either but what it rained."

"There's a big, black cloud in the West," the Weathercock called out; "it looks like rain to me."

Mr. Jonah went to the side of the Ark and looked toward the West. "It certainly looks like it," he remarked; "we'll probably have a terrible thunderstorm." As if in answer to his words, a flash of lightning streamed across the sky. Then a peal of thunder resounded. Captain Noah rushed up on deck. "We're going to have nasty weather," he cried, looking at the barometer; "we had better fasten down the hatches and make everything secure." This was soon done, and everybody went inside. Even the Weathercock was persuaded to come down from his perch and enter the cabin.

The storm broke. Crash after crash resounded. The rain fell in torrents and the lightning flashed continually. It grew late, and still the storm did not abate. Marjorie at last became so sleepy that, in spite of the howling of the storm outside, she told Mrs. Noah that she wanted to go to bed. It took her but a few minutes to undress, and she fell asleep almost immediately, so tired was she after the day's excitement. In spite of the thunder and lightning, she would have slept soundly until morning had not something very strange happened.

And this is how it came about: The Weathercock, though he had had to come inside the cabin, went out on deck every now and then to ascertain the whereabouts of the Ark. Of course, it was very dark, and to an ordinary person it would have been impossible to tell where they were. But the Weathercock was a most unusual sort of being. He had been used to all kinds of weather before he joined the Ark, and he seemed to know pretty well the latitude and longitude without consulting a map or a compass. Late in the evening, after coming in from deck, he quietly slipped upstairs and knocked on Marjorie's door. But she was so fast asleep that she did not hear him. If it had not been for the dove, who was a light sleeper, I don't believe the Weathercock would ever have been able to tell Marjorie his important discovery. On hearing the knock on the door the Dove flew down from her perch and turned the knob. The Weathercock gravely entered, and, after whispering to the Dove, silently walked over to where Marjorie lay sound asleep.

At this moment the Ark grated on something, and then came to a standstill. So silently and quietly did the great vessel stop that Captain Noah, who by this time had grown very sleepy, did not notice it.

"Let me wake her!" whispered the Weathercock.

"Be careful not to frighten her!" replied the Dove.

The Weathercock stole quietly over to Marjorie's little bed.

"Wake, wake, Marjorie dear!
Come to the window!
Your home is quite near.
See, we are landed
Upon your own roof,
Just outside of your bedroom.
Come, here is the proof—
I'll lift up the curtain;
There's your little bed,
With the little, white pillow
And cover of red."

Marjorie stirred uneasily. Then she opened her eyes. "What is it? Where am I?" she cried. "Come!" said the Weathercock. "Follow me!" As in a dream, Marjorie got up and followed him to the window and climbed up on the window sill. Opposite was her own little bedroom window.

"Step over carefully!" whispered the Weathercock, while the little dove took hold of her hand. Marjorie stepped across the open space and entered her bedroom. Dreamily she walked over to her own little bed and crept inside. "Goodby!" whispered the Weathercock. Goodby!" cooed the Dove, and with a flutter they disappeared through the window. Indistinctly Marjorie heard the Ark cast away from the window sill. And the voice of Captain Noah came faintly to her ears, "Ship ahoy! ahoy! We've had a narrow escape. 'Twas lucky we avoided a collision."

THE END.

PARENTS AS MODELS

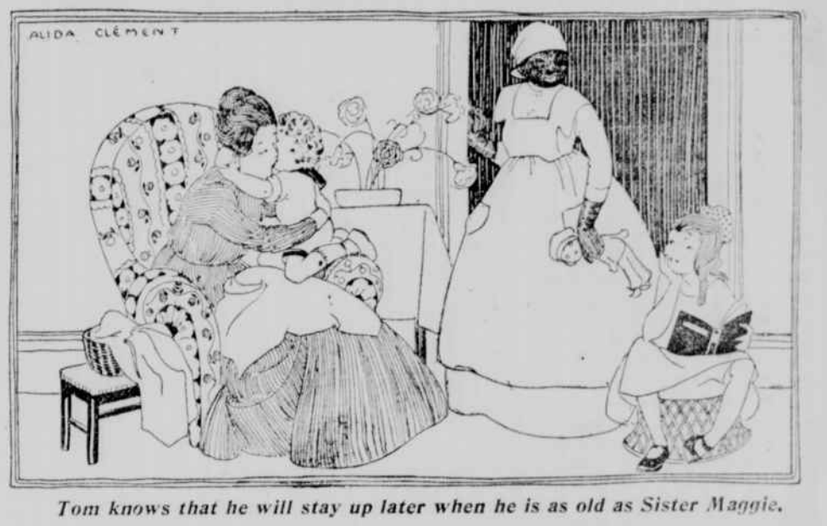
By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg.

TO EVERY parent, to every teacher, there comes some day the appalling realization of this truth: Telling is not teaching. We discover through much trial and suffering that children will persist in doings and evasions quite regardless of what we tell them. Then we resolutely determine that, telling or no telling, we are to set before the children models worthy of emulation—then we shall have to bear no reproaches, come what may. So we come to that stage in the evolution of adults characterized by the resolve to avoid slang and coffee and nail-biting, because we do not want the children to do the improper things.

The counsel growing out of these thoughts is easily put in the form of a recipe, but it is a negative one: "Do nothing that you would not have your children imitate." This has all the outward appearance of a sound doctrine, and many people make a sincere effort to guide their lives in harmony with its implications. It is doubtful, however, whether any parents can consistently limit their own lives by this formula; and it is quite certain that it would not be worth while if it were possible.

It is true that children imitate. But would you conceal from them the fact that you are awake and about hours after they have retired, in the fear that they would wish to stay up later? They often wish to stay up later than the appointed hour; is there no way to make them go to bed except by going to bed with them?

It is true that children imitate. But their imitativeness should not make us confine our diet to the foodstuffs appropriate to infants. The very fact that we take pains to select one kind of food for ourselves and another kind for the child should challenge us to question whether we are merely following fashion, or really doing the best we know how. If it is true that one kind of diet is better adapted to children and another to the needs of adults, we should certainly want the children to learn this; and the way to learn is through the experience that the diet does vary with age. Indeed, this is one of the most valuable ideas that the child can get from his environment of people of different ages—namely, that people grow into ever-changing proprieties.



Tom knows that he will stay up later when he is as old as Sister Maggie.

Tom knows that he will stay up later when he is as old as Sister Maggie; and Maggie knows that she will have all her meals with the grown-ups when she is as old as Brother Andrew. And, by the same token, Andrew may properly look forward to drinking coffee, or smoking big, black cigars, or wearing a silk hat—if these things should happen to appeal to his fancy.

There should be no difficulty in getting the children in a household to accept the differences that exist as a matter of course. It is quite proper to say to a child that he is too young to have a latch key or to go to the theatre. There need be nothing invidious in a prohibition; it is not wrong or wicked to go to the theatre or to stay up late in the evening—it is merely unsuitable for young children. If we have no doubts in our own minds, we shall have to make no apologies or secrets of our conduct before our children.

Nevertheless, it is worth while to guard against the many lapses and the many little careless slips in our language and manners. In language especially is it almost impossible to establish a differentiated form of speech for adults and children, nor is it desirable to do so. If we do not wish the children to use slang, our own avoidance will hardly guarantee their immunity. On the other hand, our own indulgence will do much to strengthen the habit in the children.

The absurdity of the rule must be obvious when we consider what it implies with regard to the reading, conversation or recreations of the various members of the family. There are many books in the house that are not suited for children's reading. If you label them "Taboo" you will make them unnecessarily attractive; if you exclude them from the house entirely, you deprive the adults unnecessarily. If the children for children. There is already too strong a tendency for adults to assume that their own tastes and manners and their whole conduct of life should serve as normal standards for others—whether children or other adults. We too often think of education as consisting of the gradual change from the ways of childhood to our ways. What we need to recognize, and what we should permit our children to learn, is that there is no ultimate standard of propriety; that at each stage there is a fulness of life, and that each stage is to be outgrown. We should not expect children to copy too closely the lives of adults, nor should we expect adults to restrict their own lives to the dimensions of "models" suitable for children to copy.

Yet there is much that the child gets from his parents through imitation, much that is of the utmost importance—the spirit in which we do our work, the ideals we uphold in our relations to others, the aspirations, the standards of human worth supply models that cannot be concealed. have enough play and enough suitable reading to occupy their leisure they will not think of looking at your books. But, in any case, it would be out of the question for the adults to confine their reading to what is suitable for the children. In the same way, it would be not only a privation but an absurdity for the adults to limit their amusements to the marbles, rompings, dolls and tea parties of children. This is so obvious that it is completely ignored by those who set out to be models for their children.

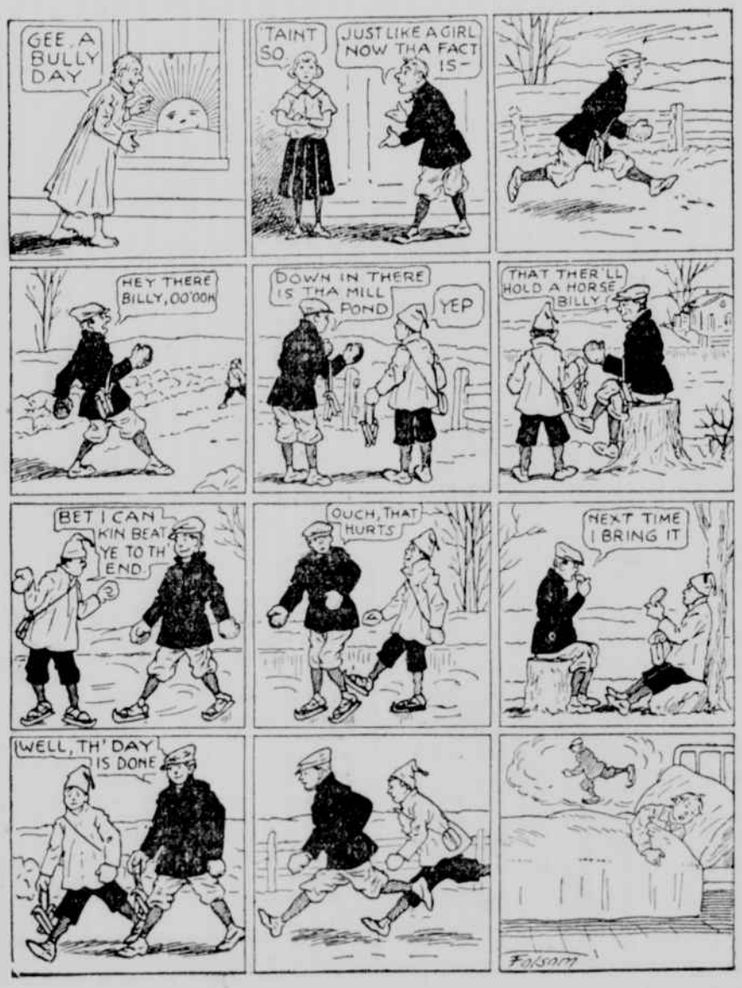
Perhaps the most important consideration in the whole problem is the question whether we are competent to determine what is most suitable

"MOVIE" PUZZLE

The first letters of the words represented by these pictures, taken in order, spell the name of a well known motion picture actress

1—*7 a. m.* (*Seven-letter word.*)
2—*A dispute with his sister.* (*Eight letters.*)
3—*Rushing off to skate.* (*Seven letters.*)
4—*Shouting to his chum.* (*Seven letters.*)
5—*Where the best skating is.* (*Four letters.*)
6—*What they skate on.* (*Three letters.*)
7—*A bet.* (*Nine letters.*)
8—*Billy slips and hurts his friend's leg* (*Four letters.*)
9—*They rest awhile for refreshments.* (*Four-letters.*)
10—*The fun is ended.* (*Four letters.*)
11—*Going home double quick time.* (*Seven letters.*)
12—*After retiring.* (*Eight letters.*)

The first word is morning.



THE DAISY'S GOLD

"WHO will hold my bag of gold?" asked Mother Nature of the flowers in the garden.

"I cannot," said the rose. "I am going to a party and have not time to help you."

"I cannot," said the violet, "I'm too little."

"I cannot," said the tulip, "I'm holding honey for the bees."

"I cannot," said the poppy, "I'm too sleepy." And so on through the garden; none of the flowers had time to hold the bag of gold for Mother Nature.

Finally a little weed by the wayside put up her little white arms and said: "I'll hold your bag of gold for you; I have nothing else to do."

Mother Nature smiled down at her and said: "My child, you shall have a heart of gold and it will always be found in the midst of your little white arms and you shall be called a weed no longer."

The little weed grew strong and beautiful and the little children found her and called her a Daisy.

From Our Boys and Girls

AT THE SEASIDE.

By LILLIAN EICHLER. Age 15.

I am the king, and all about
I build my castles grand;
The windows are but bits of glass,
The walls are made of sand.

As all my lands I now survey
I feel a thrill of pride;
My lords (who are just bits of stick)
I see on every side.

My lords are now called away to war;
"How brave they look!" I cried.
I surely have a splendid time
Playing king at the seaside!

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Think of words of nine letters each with the same meaning as the following. When placed in order the central letters will spell the name of a famous Dickens character:

1. To make happy.
2. Atonement for wrongdoing.
3. An employe.
4. In addition to.
5. Praising.
6. To reject as useless.
7. Guttural.
8. A metrical foot (poetry).
9. To suggest.
10. Cornices of buildings.
11. To inform.
12. The exterior of anything.
13. Unlawful.
14. A wingless insect.
15. A state of mirth.
16. The shank of a turner's lathe.

(*This puzzle was originated by Louis Burt, age 15.*)

Watson C. Cole, an eight-year-old boy of Washington, D. C., originated this Button Family. He pasted on a piece of heavy paper three ordinary bone buttons of different sizes, the largest one for Father, the middle one for Mother and the little one for Baby. Each of these buttons forms the head. So he inked the hair and mouth and eyes (the eyes are really two big holes in the buttons), and then drew the rest of the body.

Little Watson has lots of fun with his Button Family.